the Country.

The Duke of Marlborough sat at his writ-

ing-table in the Brevoort House this morn-

ing, hard at work. There were dainty little

otes on the table, but the Duke was not

looking at them. He had returned late last

" To tell the long story of my Western trip

The cities themselves are laid out to the

greatest possible advantage. They are re-plete with every luxury of modern civic life,

through the window of his apartment.

"I am sorry I couldn't see the southern portion of the Mississippi Valley; but I couldn't," he went on. "I think that the general mode of life among the people of the West is even more comfortable than in New England. The beauty of the residences is unsurpassed by anything I have seen anywhere. Their stately character, has absolutain the

England. The beauty of the residences is unsurpassed by anything I have seen anywhere.
Their stately character has absolutely no
parallel in any Continental or English town.
Chicago is destined to become the Pekin of
America. The great network of railroads
which, partly fortuitously, partly by intelligent design and partly by mad speculation,
have centred themselves in Chicago predestine that town in the near future to assume
almost the leading position among the commercial towns of the United States."

THE THIRD AVENUE CABLE ROAD.

It is Expected to be in Ruuning Order on the

Main Line Next Fall.

J. H. Robertson, Superintendent of the

Third Avenue Surface Rallroad, said to an

EVENING WORLD reporter to-day that if every-

tding went well in the courts the company

would begin work in the spring at laying the

in a few words," said the Duke, laying aside

CHARMED WITH THE WEST.

The Duke of Mariborough's Impre

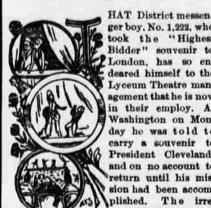
night from a Western tour.

nighest order.

THEATRE TALK AND DOINGS.

MESSENGER NO. 1222 CALLS ON MRS. CLEVELAND IN WASHINGTON.

The Highest Bidder " Produced at the National Theatre-Kate Clarton Gets the Right to a Particularly Agentzing Meledrama-The Strained Relations Between Water-Tanks-Happy Mr. Pond.



ger boy, No. 1,222, who took the "Highest Bidder" souvenir to London, has so endeared himself to the Lyceum Theatre management that he is now in their employ. At Washington on Monday he was told to carry a souvenir to President Cleveland, and on no account to return until his mission had been accomplished. The irrepressible Sanger-that

is his name-started for the White House, by no means daunted. He arrived there in due course, and passed two servants quite sucessfully. At last he came to a colored man, tho saw that his mission was not an ordinary

"What do you want?" he asked.

"President Cleveland," replied No. 1222. 'I've got a flag souvenir to give him." "President won't see no theatrical foll with their trash," said the tinted gentleman, everely. "You jest go back and tell 'em we lon't want none o' that business here. Why, Lawrence Barrett and Wilson Barrett called nd President wouldn't see 'em. Guess if he von't see them ye stand a purty bad rhance." Perhaps it may be imagined that No. 1222 succumbed. Not a bit

of it. He insisted that the tinted gentleman hould carry his card to the President, and his the myrmidon at last consented to do. In a very short time Mrs. Cleveland said she would see the boy, and he was shown into her presence and delivered his souvenir and divertised his employer. "Well," said the tinted gentleman as the

boy came triumphantly out, "That Demo-cratic President takes the cake. I tell you Lawrence Barrett and Wilson Barrett called, and he wouldn't see 'em. By gosh!"

"The Highest Bidder" was played for the first time out of the city on Monday night, with young Ed. Sothern as the star, at the National Theatre, Washington. The audience was a fashionable one, and Mr. Sothern was happy. At the end of the second act there were five "genuine" curtain calls. (I won't attempt to explain what a curtain call is when it ain't genuine), and there is no doubt that "The Highest Bidder" will be as successful in the District of olumbia as it was in the metropolis. as in the metropolis.

Kate Claxton has secured from Manager A. M. Palmer, of the Madison Square Theatre, he London melodrama. by the author of "The Great Pink Pearl" called "The Points. "The Great Pink Pearl" called "The Pointsman." The play is said to be realistically terrible and terribly realistic. In it there is a railroad smash-up, and the cries of the tortured ones are said to be a feature of the scene. Perhaps if Miss Claxton attempts too many horrors, she will find that the metropolitan appetite has a limit, even on the Rowers.

eighty-gallon water-tank, with steam yachts and boating parties, in Baltimore Monday night and called it "Lost in New York." The alleged notification made by "The Dark Secret," to the effect that they would enjoin Messrs. Miles and Barton from using the ank, amounted to nothing, as was generally expected, although they had been notifying expected, although they had been notifying nanagers not to attempt to use a tank in heir theatres. Messrs. Miles and Barton are very augry, and it was said yesterday that they talked of bringing a suit against "The Dark Secret" people for maliciously injuring their business by annonneing that the use of the tank was unlawful. They will probably continue talking about it.

Little Anson B. Pond, the saturnine, was in the city yesterday, positively happy. His play, "Her Atonement," which is said to require a brass band and a leading lady, made a hit at the California Theatre, San Francisco, where it was produced on Monday night, with Miss Kate Forsythe as the leading lady. Mr. Pond felt so ecstatic that he took his luncheon at Delmonico's. His bliss may last three weeks, as "Her Atonement" is "up" to run that length of time.

The advance sale at the Lyceum Theatre for "The Wife" was yesterday morning larger than any the Lyceum has ever known, which goes to show that a new stock company is appreciated among theatre-goers. The long waits between the acts on Tuesday hight were due simply to first night difficul-

Flashes from the Footlights.

" Conrad the Corsair" has played to full house McKee Rankings superintending the work for his production of 'Macbeth" at the Brooklyn Theatre



thought. Eight years before, when he was s poor and struggling boy, just entering on

wreath of fragrant roses suddenly fell on his head; and looking up, in

wonder, he beheld, reaching out from the embroidered draperies of an overhanging window, a child with fairy-like proportions, with great dark eyes, and long, curling black locks, who stood smiling and throwing him kisses from her curved lips colored like a pomegranate. While he still gazed, a nurse had come forward and drawn the child away : the curtains were closed, and he saw the little creature no more.

only, for he had no second glimpse of the child. That very day an accident occurred child. That very day an accident occurred which kept him a prisoner in his room for some weeks; and when next he went out the house was empty, and a placard with great flaring letters announcing it for sale stared him in the face, from the same window in which the little white-robed elf had stood waving her hand and smiling to him. In course of time other faces appeared there; but they were strange faces, and among them was never the one for which he looked.

Xow, as Carradino sat painting alone he

on Nov. 28, although he is at present playing in "The New Danites" in small towns near this city. Miss Minnie Palmer has a new play by Leonard Grover called '' My Brother's Sister." John A. Mackay will begin his tour in a couple of weeks under Leander Richardson's manage-

"The Marquis," at the Casino, is very popular ith Ladies and children, and the matinees are Miss Alice Chandos is said to have written a new play for Miss Grace Hawthorne called "Philan-brophy"

"The Arabian Nights," under management of Alfred Joel, opened at Washington on Monday to

Owing to the great success of the flower show at the Eden Musée, the management have resolved to continue the exhibition until Sunday. Mrs. Langity's tour opened at Burlington, Vt. on Monday, in "A Wife's Peril." On Tuesday night she appeared in Ottawa. Next week she passes in Canada and then returns to New York, where she will play at the Hariem Theatre.

H. J. Lesile, the English manager, now super-intending the rehearsals of "Dorothy" at the Standard Theatre, is building a new theatre in London in Shaftesbury avenue. It is to be called "The Lyric" and will be devoted to English opera.

"OH, WILHELMINA, COME BACK!" Bill Nye Takes a New Tack in Solving the

Servant Girl Problem. DERRONAL—Will the young woman who edited the grary department and corrected proof at our pie foundry for two days and then jumped the game on the evening that we were to have our olong man to dine with ut, please come back, or write to 33 Fark Row, saying where alle left the crackers and cheese? Come back, Wilhelmins, and be our little sun

eam once more. Come back and cluster around our hearthstone at so much per cluster. If you think best, we will quit having company at the house, especially people who do not belong

We will also strive, oh so hard, to make it pleasinter for you in every way. If we had known four or five years ago that children were offensive to you, it would have been different. But it is too ate now. All we can do is to shut them up in a barn and feed them through a knot-hole. If they shrick loud enough to give pain to your throbbing brow, let no one know and we will overcome any false sentiment we may feel towards them and

send them to the Tombs.

Since you went away we can see how wicked and selfish we were and how little we considered your comfort. We miss your glad smile, also your Cennessee marble cake and your slat ple. have learned a valuable lesson since you went away, and it is that the blame should not have rested on one alone. It should have been divided equally, leaving me to bear half of it and my wife

Where we erred was in dividing up the blame or the basis of tenderioin steak or peach cobbler, compelling you to bear half of it yourself. That will not work, Wihelmina. Blame and preserves to not divide on the same basis. We are now in favor of what may be called a sliding scale. We

We also made a grave mistake in the matter of nights out. While young, I formed the wicked and pernicious habit of having nights out myself. I panted for the night air and would go a long disance and stay out a long time to get enough of it for a mess and then bring it home in a paper bag, but I can see now that it is time for me to remain ndoors and give young people like yourself s chance, Wilhelmina.

So if I can do anything 'evenings while you are out that will assist you, such as stoning raisins or neighboring windows, command me. I am no cook, of course, but I can peel apples or grind cof-fee or hold your head for you when you need sympathy. I could also soon learn to do the plain cooking, I think, and friends who come to see us after this have agreed to bring their dinners.

There is no reason why harmony should not be restored among us and the old sunlight come back to our roof tree.

Another thing I wish to write before I close this

humiliating personal. I wish to take back my harsh and bitter words about your singing. I said when I said it, and I wronged you. I was mad sened by hunger and you told me that mush and milk was the proper thing for a brain worker, and you refused to give me any dope on my dumpting. Goaded to madness by this I said that you sang like a shingle-mill, but it was not my better, higher gastric nature that asserted itself and I now desire to take it back. You do not sing like a shinglemill; at least so much as to mislead a practise

Your voice has more volume, and when your upper register is closed is mellower than any Come back, Wilhemina. We need you every

After you went away we tried to set the bread as we had seen you do it, but it was not a success. small, sallow rolls which would easily resist the

If you cannot come back, will you please write and tell me how you are getting along and how you contrive to insert air-holes into home-made bread? BILL NYR.

"You Know How It Is Yourself." Little drops of whiskey
And little drops of whiskey
And little drops of water
Make a fellow frisky—and
Do what be hadn't oughter.
A glass of Riker's Tonic
Of Calisarya Bark
Makes you feel like a "jaybird,"
But won't start you off on a "Lark,"
Everybody says it "lays way over whiskey or
liquor" as an appetiser or to "brace up" on in
moraling.

Prepared solely by
WM. B. RIKER & SON,
Druggists and Manufacturing Chemista
Established 1846 at 325 6th ave., N. Y.
Full pint bottles, 75 cents.

With that he placed the wreath beside his

SPORTS OF FIELD AND RING

REMARKABLE BATTLE BETWEEN SNAKES TOLD BY COL. OCHILTREE.

Programme of the Seventh Regiment's Winte Games-The Coming Battle Between Jac McAuliffe and Jem Carney-Racquet Club ment-Manning to Play Powers at Pool.

ROM Col. Tom Ochildakhe. . 0 and succeeded in dis

tree, the John L. Sullivan of Munchausens. comes the story that when a boy he put three snakes—a rattler. a moceasin and a black -into a barrel to see them fight. "The first day," said the Colonel, "the moccasin swallowed half the rattleenake, head first. The second day he finished him. Then the black gobbled the moccasin,

posing of him in two days. For a day or two the black lay torpid. When we looked in the barrel again the black had commenced to swallow himself, tail first. The second day he had swallowed half of his length; the third day he was all gone." A Connecticut Yankee who heard the tale asked, "What became of the barrel, Tom?" "Oh, thunder!" said Ochiltree, "can't you dispose of the barrel? My part of the story is done."

A main of cocks, fifteen birds to be shown on a side between four pound six ounces and six pound two ounces, and fight all that weigh in for \$100 a battle and \$1,000 the odd fight or the main, was made yesterday. It will be decided in this vicinity early in December. The parties making the agreement are from Long Island and Troy, respectively.

The programme for the Seventh Regiment Twelfth Annual Winter Games, which will be held at the armory on Dec. 3, includes 93, 220, 880 and 1,000 yards and one mile runs, half and one mile walks, a half-mile roller-skating race, one and three mile bicycle races, a hurdle, a wheelbarrow, a sack, a three-legad race and an obstacle race besides three-legged race and an obstacle race an inter-company tug-of-war and a bicycle drill.

The coming battle between Jack McAuliffe The coming battle between Jack McAuliffe and Jem Carney for the international light-weight championship is going to be a desperate one. McAuliffe has entirely recovered from his illness, which, as The Evening World representative said all along, was never of the character rumored, and is as strong as a bull and as frisky as a colt. The battle will be decided as most big fights are, a day or so before the 23d of November, for which it is set down and it will probably be fonght in the neighborhood of Boston. Two hundred and fifty dollars is the price of a ticket. McAuliffe will take things a little easy this week while Dempsey is away in Wilming. ticket. McAuliffe will take things a little easy this week while Dempsey is away in Wilming-ton—the middle-weight champion bet the light-weight champion a bottle of wine that he wouldn't be within three pounds of as light as he was then when Dempsey came back, when the Nonpariel left Sunday—but next week and the week after the conqueror of Frazier and Gilmore will have to put in some hig lights.

. . . The crack amateurs of the New York Rac-quet Club are in steady practice for a billiard tournament which will be played at an early

The fifteen ball pool match, best twenty one in forty-one games, for \$200, which has been posted with Billy Sexton, between Charley Manning, of New York, and Albert Powers, of Chicago, the champion of the Western country, will be decided at the Columbia Billiard Rooms next Monday evening.

Barber-There you are, sir; next ! Young Bladslee (who has been out very late the night before)-Hol' on ! Hair cut !

A New Dr. Tanner.

[From the Nebraska State Journal.] Have you heard of how Billhoover is attempting to rival Dr. Tanner? Hasn't eaten anything

for twenty days."
"Is that so." He used to be a perfect glutton."
"Yes, but his wife does the cooking for the family now."

Not a Happy Expressi [From the New Orleans Picayune.]
The expression, "A bloated bondholder," is not a happy one. Lots of mon who hold lots of bonds

are not bloated; and lots of men who hold little It Cured Her Father.

SPRINGDALE, Conn., March 29, 1887. MR. RIEER.

DEAR SIR: My father has been suffering from a bad cough for over a year, and, becoming alarmed, learned, the following between the suffering from a bad cough for over a year, and, becoming alarmed, the suffering from the suffering from a bad cough for your "CALESAYA TONIC" and it had done me so much good that felt gure your Expect TORANT would cure my father, as it did. It stepped the cough at once and entirely cured him. Please send me a bottle of Expect TORANT as soon as possible, as my husband has a cough and I wish to oure him at ONCE.

MRS. H. B. KNAPP. "."

"Yes'm," replied Tommy; "t's a place wher a good many people go after 'lection.

moments more busy than the real present. Yet now, in reviewing that one bright vision of his memory, it was not so much the lovely child that he saw, in fancy, as the beautiful girl whose face, with fuller depth and sweetness, looked out at him from his own canvas. beautiful girl whose face, with fuller depth and sweetness, looked out at him from his own canvas.

Instinctively, he hardly knew why, he disliked to work on this picture in any other presence, and he devoted to it only his hours of solitude. So it happened that it was nearly finished when, by some chance, a friend discovered him bending over it, too absorbed to notice any approach. As the door opened Carradine rose hastily, turning his easel to the wall, so as to conceal the face upon it. This little stratagem, however, was destined to be of no avail. Having been marked by the intruder—one of those cordial, well-meaning people, good-natured to a degree, but with little delicacy of perception—the action at once aroused his curiosity.

"Aha, master painter," he said, with a laugh, "let us see what it is that you work at by yourself till it steals away your eyes and ears. Only one peep!"

With that he laid his hand on the frame.

ears. Only one peep!"
With that, he laid his hand on the frame,

ears. Only one peep!"

With that, he laid his hand on the frame, and, receiving no forbidding word from Carradine, turned it round. The next moment he was loud in praise.

"But who is it, Carradine? If it is a portrait, tell me where to find the original, and I will, if it is a seven days' journey!"
Carradine smiled.

"If I myself knew where to find such an original, I should not be here to tell you, my good friend," he answered, evasively,

"Oh, a fancy sketch." said the other, misled, as the artist had desired. "I might have saved myself the trouble of asking. No real flesh-and-blood face ever looked like that—the more shame to Nature, I say! Of course you will exhibit it, Carradine?"

"No," answered the painter, quietly.

"No," answered the other, in surprise."

But, my dear fellow, you must, or I shall betray your seered, and you will have a swarm of visitors worse than a plague of Egypt let in upon you."

Carradine hesitated. A chance word in his friend's speech had suggested a possibility that made his heart leap in spite of sober reason.

"You are right." he said. "I shall send

reason.
"You are right," he said. "I shall send the picture for exhibition. It will be better

After his visitor had left him alone again,

RELICS OF A STORMY TIME.

OLD REVOLUTIONARY FORTS IN THE UPPER PART OF THE CITY.

Ancient Encampment Ground Nea Mount St. Vincent-Earthworks Near Morningside Park and a Redoubt at Harlem Mere-The Old Block House in Cen tral Park Still Well Preserved.



BSERVANT strangers who take a carriage drive through Central Park and out on the beautiful avenues which lead from it towards the north are struck by occasional relics that recall war times. There are several in that part of the great pleasure ground, and their vari-

enough to be striking. Some of the old remains of former forts and ramparts have been effaced by the efforts of the Park Commissioners to beautify this charming recreation ground of the city, but

others have been suffered to remain. In the neighborhood of Mount St. Vincent down from the hill towards the west was once 'McGowan's Pass." In this vicinity an old encampment ground was unearthed some twenty years ago. It had been buried under two feet of earth, but the remains of the camp were easily recognized. An old fort and some earthworks are also left in One Hundred and Twenty-third street, near Morningside Park. So, too, an old redoubt and breastworks near Harlem Mere were not

and breastworks near Harlem Mere were not tampered with.

But one very well-preserved old landmark crowns the highest point of the Park at One Hundred and Tenth street, facing Seventh avenue. It dominates the long stretches of level ground to the north, and the stone wall that runs along at the west, beyond the elevated road, more of an elevated road here than anywhere in its course. Circling around the base of the hill are the broad carriagedrives that lead to the Seventh avenue exit, At the left a wooden sign-post at the begin-

the base of the hill are the broad carriage-drives that lead to the Seventh avenue exit. At the left a wooden sign-post at the beginning of a path which winds up the gentle declivity bears the inscription: "To the Block House." So, too, on the chart of Central Park, in the office of the Department of Parks, this stone structure is called, "Block House, 1812."

The history of those four stanch walls is obscured by the forgetfulness of generations, which have heeded it but little after its purpose ceased. It is perfectly square. The four walls are built of the commonest stone, cemented with mortar. It is not more than twenty-two or twenty-three feet high, and it has a firm hold on the ledge of rock which was selected as its stout foundation. Time has painted it with the warm, soft tints of his palette. The rich chocolate-brown glows rosily when the setting sun bathes the old walls in its dying beams, and their cold gray is lit up by patches of lichens and mosses. At several points the woodbine has clambered up its rough sides, clothing them in mantling verdure during the heat of summer and folds of royal scarlet in the fall.

A coping slightly projects from the top, which has been boarded over. On the wast

of royal scarlet in the fall.

A coping slightly projects from the top, which has been boarded over. On the west side, when the pedestrian mounts the last of the ascending path, an iron door, painted a dark green, refuses him incress. A flight of wooden steps, weather-stained and bare, leads up to the door, and the square, white walls look somewhat as if they were a mausoleum. On each side except the west, there are two port-holes, through which the party intrenched within could bring their old flint-locks to bear with murderous effect on any invaders.

any invaders.
The inquisitive visitor, after he has rattled the heavy iron door to make himself doubly sure that admittance is denied him, will probably walk around the old fort. When probably walk around the old fort. When he sees that a rough granite block on the south side has been lifted up against the wall, he will also doubtless mount the friendly stone, grasp the sides of the porthole and endeavor to explore the dusky interior. The roof will be seen crossed by rafters, but below he can hardly peer. These narrow slits in the thick walls are the only points where light is admitted, and they fall to illumine the interior. The walls are three

to illumine the interior. The walls are three feet thick in solid masonry.

Although the old fort, or block house, as one may prefer to style it, is on the very crest of the hills, it is hidden by the tree-tops, which press around it. The bare ledge on which it is perched is swathed in broad bands of emerald verdure during the hegday of summer and soft masses of gold and scarlet when the breath of autumn has touched the luxuriant foliage. So its dim colors crop out only here and there through its brilliant setting.

only here and there through its brilliant setting.

Springing from the roof is a flag-staff on which on Decoration Day and Fourth of July the veterans of 1812 and their descendants raise the Stars and Stripes. Until two or three years ago Adjt. Jay Gould Warner used to raise the flag, but he is dead or too old to nurse his patriotism in this way. His mantle falls upon his descendants.

The quiet old walls will last for many a generation unless vandal hands does what the enemies of other days could not achieve, and lay them low.

ADAMSON'S BOTANIC BALSAM wins the day for Coughs Colds and Asthma, Price, 10c. Best druggists.

the girl.
"I am the painter," he said.

She turned and looked at him with one steady gaze from those glorious eyes that had haunted his visions for so many years. Then she spoke: "You painted that picture? And how?"

For a moment, doubt was in her face: but, as he looked fixedly at her, it vanished in certainty. A smile just touched the bright

TO BUILD A NEW CLUB-HOUSE.

The New York Cance Club's Old Quarters Getting Too Small.

The New York Canoe Club has decided to build a new club-house on Staten Island during the coming winter. The matter has not yet been brought officially before the club at a regular meeting, but will be at the annual dinner. As most of the members are heartily

in favor of building a new house, the thing is as good as done.

The new club-house will be two stories high, with cance racks on the ground floor and a parlor and other rooms on the second floor. Each member will have a private locker for the storage of clothes and small cance fittings and canno compared.

floor. Each member will have a private locker for the storage of clothes and small canoe fittings and camp equipment.

There is some doubt in the minds of the club members concerning the site. The present house rests on a large barge, which is usually moored to a wharf at Tompkinsville, S. I. As the floor is conveniently near the water many of the members favor that style of building, but the general idea seems to be a permanent location on ground at the water's edge. If a suitable location can be found the house will be built on land.

The new house has been found necessary by reason of the increasing membership of the club, which has crowded the old quarters to overflowing. As the New York Canoe Club is the oldest and most widely known canoeing organization in this country, and as it takes the leading part in international racing, a handsome new club-house is badly needed. With the new structure built, the club will be well qualified to entertain its English friends socially as well as in hard-fought races.

New York Girls Who Shoot.

[From a New Fork Letter.]
Our most assiduously fashionable girls are not hooting their own follies, but birds as they flyor, at least, they are trying to hit the winged game with rifles. Out at Tuxedo, which is the late with rifies. Out at Tuxedo, which is the late autumn resort of the Astor set and their selected following, gunning is the favorite sport for maidens and young matrons. Light, dainty, silver-mounted weapons are requeshly popped off, and sometimes a bird is hit. A pretty little gamebag is always hung at the huntress's side, and she never returns without something in it; but there is a scandalous rumor that the dead warblers are bought ready-shot from boys who make a good noome transiently out of the fad.

De Mortuis Nil Nisi Bonum [From Puck.]
First Citizen—I say, old man, you look cut up!

What's the matter 7 Second Citizen-Matter? Oh, nothing. I've second Citizen—Matter? Oh, nothing. I've been reading the most barefaced lies for a full hour—that's all!

First Citizen—Well, dear boy, these are exciting time—election coming on, you know; and if you read the papers—

[Second Citizen—Who said I'd been reading the papers?

First Citizen—What have you been doing, then?

Becond Citizen—Been walking in the cemetery.

Answers to Correspondents. Answers to Correspondents.

G. S. H.—Mr. Barnum lives at Bridgeport, Conn.
Letters should be addressed to him at that place.

W. S. F.—You will find the advertisements of teochers of boxing or wrestling in any one of the sporting papers.

L. E. K.—No directory was ever compiled which gave the names of all the sallors and the vessels on which they salled.

E. N.—Hoyle says (p. 219): "If the ace of hearts is led when hearts are not trumps, a player holding no trump need not play a heart."

A Word About Catarrh.

fluid envelope surrounding the delicate tissues of the air and food passages, that Catarrh makes its stronghold. Once established, it eats into the very vitals and renders Once established, it eats into the very vitals and renders life but a long-drawn breath of misery and disease, dull-ing the sense of hearing, trammelling the power of speech, destroying the faculty of smell, tainting the breath and killing the refined pleasures of taste. Insidiously, by orseping on from settinple coid in the head, it assaults the membraneous fitting and envelops the bones, eating through the delicate coats and causist inflammation, sloughing and death. Nothing short of total eradication will secure health to the patient, and all alleviatives are simply prograstinated sufferings, leading to a fatal ter-mination. Hanfond's Radical Curr, by Inhalation and by Internal administration, has never failed. Even when

the disease has made frightful infronce on desicate consti-tutions, hearing, smell and taste have been recovered and the disease thoroughly driven out."

BANYORD'S RADICAL CURE consists of one bottle of the RADICAL CURE, one box CATARRHAL SOLVENT and one IMPROVED INHALER, neatly wrapped in one package, with full directions; price \$1.00. POTTER DRUG & CREMICAL CO., BOSTON.

EVERY MUSCLE ACHES.

Sharp Aches, Dull Pains, Strains and Weakness relieved in one minute by the Cuticurs Anti-Pain Pinster. A perfect autidate to pain, inflammation and weakness. The first and only pain killing Pinster, Instantaneous, infallible, safe. Acknowledged by druggiste and physicians to be the best yet prepared. At all directions of the property of the p

druggists, 25 cents: five for \$1.00; or, postage free, of POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL Co., Boston, Mass. AMUSEMENTS. TH AVE. THEATRE. Unpersided Oystion,
Proprietor and Manager MR. JOHN STETSON
MRS. POTTER,
in her brilliant and beautiful creation,
FAUSTINE DE BRESSEER,
Supported by Mr. Kyrie Bellew (by courtesy of Mr. H.
E. Abbey, of Wallack's).

of imagination in which his wish was supreme

instant. Just then her former companion en-

instant. Just then her former companion entered the room.

"I am Leila Auvernay," she said, hastily,
"and that is Cecil Wyndham, my—my betrothed husband!"

Not another word was said. As the young man approached, Carradine fell back a step and looked at the two. His was a fair, handsome face, so little marked as yet by time that it would be hard for an unpractised eye to conjecture with what lines the shaping character would yet stamp it. Nevertheless, with one keen gaze Carradine estimated both present and future.

with one keen gaze Carradine estimated both present and future.

She said a few low-spoken words to her companion, who presently moved towards Carradine and addressed him.

"I have the honor of speaking to Mr. Carradine, the painter of this picture?"

Carradine bowed without speaking.

"Will you pardon me for asking if it is a fancy sketch?" continued Mr. Wyndham.

"Partially so, but suggested by the face of a little girl," answered the artist.

"But the likeness is so very striking?" muttered the young gentleman. I must have it at any rate. Of course you will part with it—at your own price?"

NERVOUS DEBILITY

Sufferers from nervous debility complain of physical and nervous weakness and exhaustion; there is presen-tion of the physical strength, a tired feeling with no in-clination for exertion, and the power to work is dimin-ished; the patient wakes mornings tired and mre-freshed; there is an extreme nervous and irritable con-dition, still allowed. freshed; there is an extreme nervous and irritable con-dition, a dull, cloudy sensation, often accompanied by disagreeable feelings in the head and eyes; the thoughts wander easily, thinking and study become difficult, even reading fatigues the mind, making the person drower; there will be gradual failing of strength, with wait-ness and pain in the back; bad taste in the mouth morn-ings, the vision becomes dim, the memory impaired, and there is frequent dizzinces; often the patient is glooms and despondent, and the nerves become so weakened after a time that the least excitement or shock will finsh the face, bring a tremor or trembling or palputation of the heart.

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For these symptoms Dr. Greene's Nervara Nerve Tonio,
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A great stage portratture. A panemora of bone love.
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TONY PASTOR HOME.
LITTLE TICH, JOHN T. KELLY
and a full grand company.

on him so long ago.

"Mr. Carradine," she said, "I told you that my fortune was gone, but I did not tell you how utterly it has been swept away. I am nothing better than a beggar. Will you take me for one of your students, for charity's sake?"

He looked searchingly into her smiling

He looked searchingly into her smiling

face. "And Mr. Wyndham?" he asked, in a low voice. She laughed without so much as a flush of

emotion.

"Mr. Wyndham has gone with the rest of my worldly possessions. Did I not say that I had lost everything? You see, Mr. Carradine, that I am not of as much worth as my

had lost everything? You see, Mr. Carradine, that I am not of as much worth as my picture."

The words, as she said them, did not seem bitter. He took her hands.

"Leila," he said, "does your loss make you unhappy?"

"Do I look so?" she asked, gaily. "As for the marriage, it was my father's wish; and to gratify his dying request I consented—before I knew my own heart"— Here a quick, vivid color shot into her cheek, but she went on. "There never was love on my side; and on his—well, money is more than love—with some natures. I do not wish to blame him."

Carradine's grasp tightened on her hands.

"Leila," he said, "once your answer put a bar between us, when I spoke words that were surprised out of my heart. Would it be so now if I should say them once more? My love, my life, will you come to me?"

"Will I come!" she repeated, looking up in his eyes and drawing nearer, until his arms silently folded about her.

And so Carradine found his love at last.

THE ARTIST'S LOVE.

ARRADINE sat alone at his easel, painting; and as he painted, he boy, just entering on that race which must be run by every aspirant to art and its honors, there happened to him something which neither time nor toil had ever been able to efface from his memory. As he was passing along the street, a wreath of fragrant roses

Such was the vision that the artist had carried so long in his memory; in his memory

thought of all this; of the struggle that had ended at length in success; of his hard unfriended boyhood, and of the beautiful child with her fragrant rose crown which had seemed almost like a prophecy. That rose wreath, dry and withered now, was all that was left to him of the fair vision; but when that morning, in turning over an old portfolio, he had come upon it by chance, it spoke to him of that bygone day just as elongently as when its blossoms were fresh and quently as when its blossoms were fresh and full.

"Eight years ago." he said. thoughtfully, letting the shrivelled circlet slip through his fingers slowly. "She must be near sixteen now—if she lives. If? No. I do not doubt her living presence—somewhere. I wonder where she is now and what she is like at sixteen?"

With that he placed the wreath beside his easel and began to paint. The face, as it grew on his canvas, represented a young girl in the dewy morning blush of first youth, with shadows in the great dark eyes and a half-smile about the bright curved lips, like an embodied summer sun-shower. It was thus that the artist pictured his ideal of the childwoman whose infantine look and smile, for eight long years, had been his own dream of love.

eight long years, had been his own dream of love.

Carradine had not had an easy life. An orphan from his earliest years, poor and unfriended, he had striven hard for the means to gratify that inherent idolatry for art which was always clamoring to find expression in form and coloring. He had fought, and he had won: but now, at twenty-six, he stood in the place which he had gained for himself, almost as much alone, at the very heart, as he had been eight years before, when the child's gift came to him as a prophecy.

It was not that he was friendless. There were men who liked and sought him. women who would gladly have taught him to forget his loneliness in their affection. But, though his nature responded readily to any kindliness, there was one chord, deeper than all that remained untouched; and from the sweetest glances, his thoughts went back to the unknown child that had smiled down on him so long ago.

This ideal head became his greatest source of enjoyment, and a dreamy softness shaded his dark over week as line hy line and tint

of enjoyment, and a dreamy softness shaded his dark gray eyes, as line by line and tint by tint took him back into that past which, all lifeless as it was, seemed to him in those

He Wanted Repose. [Prom Judge.]

Barber—I've cut your hair already, sir.
Bladalee—Sham-p-pool
Barber—I've done that too.
Bladalee (who is too comfortable to get up)—
P-pull a tooth!

The Reason. [Prom the Pittsburg Chronicis.]
Mamma-Why do you always get up so cross, I wonder, Jimmy? Precoclous Child—It's 'cause you make me go to bed surly. After Every Election.

what obscurity is ?"

糖 1.81 AYS.

(From Puck.)
"Tommy," said the teacher, "can you tell me

"WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?" Carradine bent long over his easel, gazing into the lovely upturned face until it began

into the lovely upturned face until it began to fade into the gathering twilight.

"If—if!" he murmured to himself, half unconsciously. "But it cannot be. Yet I will send it—and perhaps"—

And so the picture was sent, in due time; and it seemed almost as if Carradine's soul had gone with it, and drawn him to follow. Hour after hour, and day after day, he sat in the gallery scretninging easerly every face.

Hour after hour, and day after day, he sat in the gallery, scrutinizing eagerly every face amid the visitors whom taste of fashion had brought to look at the now celebrated artist's latest success. Every night he went away unsatisfied, and every morning he returned with hope springing afresh in his heart.

Still the object of his search, whatever it may have been, did not appear; and one day, discouraged at last, he resolved to go no more on so fruitless an errand. Shutting himself in his studio, he began to paint; but, strive as he would, he could command neither hand nor fancy. Finally, tired of repeated failure, he abandoned work, and yielded to the impulse which drew his steps in the customary direction.

When he entered the small side room in

new cable road, in time to have cars running new cable road, in time to have cars running on the main line by next fall.

The company will probably have about two hundred cars built. During the busy parts of the day cars will be only a minute's time apart. It is the purpose of the company to spend sufficient money in the construction of the cars to insure the comfort of the passengers. cars to insure the comfort of the passengers.

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Fried Smelts. White Sauce. ROAST.
Tame Duck. Currant Jelly.
Stewed Corn. Baked Polatoes

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Prime rib roast, 18 to 20c.
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Cordinary ducks, 12c. to 18c.
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Peas, 20c, half peck.
Green corn. 35c. des.
Susables, 10c. to 15c.
Susables, 10c. to 15c.
Mushrosme & Juart.
Onions, 20 to 30c, half-peck.
Cauliflowers, 15c. to 25c.
Lettuce, 5c. bead.
Granberres 10c. quart.
Horseradish, 10c. root.
Sweet potatoes, 20c. half-peck.
Lims beans, 20c. quart.
Egg plants, 10c.
Oyster plant, 2 bunches for Ordinary dueks, 12c. to 15c. Canvasbacks, 83.50 pair. Grouse, \$1.50 pair, 25 pair. Red birds, \$1 dozen. Red birds, \$1 dozen. Red birds, \$1 pair. Mallards, \$1 pair. Teal, 75c. to 05c. pair. Capons, 25c, ib.

Quail, \$4 doz.

English snipe, \$3 doz.

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Rail, \$1,00 doz.

Rabbits, 25c, apiece.

Venison, 20c, to 25c,

Woodcock, \$1 pair.

Fresh mackerel, 15 to 20c.

Sea bass, 15c, to 20c.

which his picture hung, he found but two persons within, a young man and a girl.

Carradine could not see the faces of these
two; but, with an earnestness for which he
was at a loss to account, he followed their rewas at a loss to account, he followed their retreating figures as they moved slowly towards his picture. But the next moment an exclamation of astonishment burst from the lips of the young man.

"Why, here is your portrait, Leila! What does it mean? Who can the painter be?"

With that, he hurried out to purchase a catalogue. Carradine advanced quickly to the girl.

"From remembrance," he answered. "It was my only tribute to the little unknown princess who crowned me once with roses. Does she, too, remember it?"

certainty. A smile just touched the bright lips.

"It was you, then, on whom I forced my roses?—a princess who gave away honors unasked. How often have I wondered since"— She stopped, turned to the canvas, and added, abruptly, "But I was a child then, and here"—

"Here you are a woman," said Carradine, completing the unspaken sentence. "Is it

ruler.

"I have thought of you always as my life and my love." he said, half unconsciously, his dreamy, deep gray eyes glowing upon her face. She blushed suddenly, and then paled in an

since "— She stopped, turned to the canvas, and added, abruptly, "But I was a child then, and here"—

"Here you are a woman," said Carradine, completing the unspoken sentence. "Is it so hard to understand? The same power that kept the child in my heart showed me into what she would ripen."

She did not look at him now, but at the picture, as she asked, in a low voice, "And whom am I to thank for such an honor?"

"My name is Hubert Carradine," he answered, and saw at once that it was no unfamiliar word to her. "And yours? Through all these years your face has haunted me always, but your name I never knew"

She heaitated a moment, then turned to him.

"You never knew my name? Then think of me still as you have thought of me through all these years," she said, a half smile lingering about her mouth, but never lighting the great dark eyes that were shaded by some subtle sadness. The look, the tone, transported Carradine, about her mouth the unreal realm place or circumstance into the unreal realm whatever he might occupy himself with.

BUNNELL, SOLD LONDON MUSEUM.

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THE WIFE And First Appearance THE WIFE
THE WIFE New Stock Company. THE WIFE

there was that in his manner which appeared there was that in his manner which appeared to imply that it was only a temporary diversion until the coming of some event for which he was waiting.

So passed half a year, at the end of which there came a letter to Carradine. It was very brief, but it was enough to assure him of that which he had been almost unconsciously expecting.

The letter was from Leila Auvernay. He went to her at once. She met him with a

went to her at once. She met him with a laughing light in her eyes, such as he had not seen there when she stood in the gallery be-side her betrothed husband; a light which re-called the merry child who had smiled down